

AGE OF PROGRESS

The development of Spiritual Truth is the achievement of human freedom.

VOL. II. No. 41.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1856.

WHOLE No. 93.

The triumvirate of Demons that govern America.

When we speak of demons, we do not mean devils, in the Bible sense, such as made war in heaven, according to the two Johns—John the Divine and John Milton—Nor do we mean such as those who were supposed to hold a middle state between man and the celestial deities of the pagans. Our definition of the term may be said to be peculiar to our own private vocabulary. We mean those bad passions, principles of wrong, and malign influences, which hold sway over human minds, and stimulate men to the practise of corruption and wickedness. The governing triumvirate of America, to which we allude, are FALSE THEOLOGY, INTEMPERANCE and HUMAN SLAVERY.

The first of these triumviri is neither indigenous nor peculiar to this country. It came hither in the hearts of those European fugitives who sought this country when it was all wild, savage and inhospitable, as an asylum from the oppression which itself had created, in the countries of its nativity.

There was a false theology, in the pagan world, anterior to the advent of Moses and the prophets, who were the founders of Judaism. That false theology taught the worship of any object in the natural world, which was deemed to be good—anything from which man derived physical benefit. The Sun, for instance, being the source of light, heat and fructification, was adored as a God, and received the homage of pagan nations as the principal deity and presiding spirit of the universe. And this least irrational of all idolatrous worship, still characterizes the religious devotions of pagan nations which have failed or refused to be converted to Judaism, Mahomedanism or Christianity. There were, also, many inferior deities which received sacrificial honors, at the hands of pagan nations. The usefulness of the ox and the cow, commended them to the religious devotion of savage nations; and even the feces of the latter-named animal, was then, has continued to be, and still is, regarded as sacred, and used as a divine unguent, by savage pagans.

The paganism of the most enlightened nations of antiquity, such as Greece, Rome and Carthage, which consisted, mostly, in the deification and worship of eminent personages, who had been distinguished for feats of arms, or for excellence in oratory, logic, science or craft, was a step in advance of the paganism of barbarous nations and tribes; because its deities were intelligences, supposed to still preside over those arts and sciences, and to dispense those qualifications of mind, for the knowledge and patronage of which they had been renowned in life and deified after death.—These human deities, as a matter of course, became more and more numerous, till the mythology of some of the heathen nations embraced many thousands; and, among the literati of those ages, nothing was more desirable or more honorable than a copious knowledge of these deities, the age in which they flourished, and the particulars of their histories, personal and genealogical. And this, worthless as it now is, the general reader will have to acknowl-

edge, is one of the prominent objects of literary aspiration, in the present age.

Judaism, or the religious system established by Moses and Aaron, the Levitical priesthood and the prophets, the constitution, laws and regulations of which are to be found in what is called the Old Testament, is another, and, in some respects, more refined phase of pagan theology, or religious idolatry. It is another step in advance, in its recognition of a great, omnific, all-governing and incomprehensible power, the idea of whose existence and attributes, was principally derived from the prophets, who were the spiritual media of that age. These got the best knowledge of the true God that could be derived from the spirits which controlled them and communicated through them; and this knowledge was more or less rational and true, according to the development of the communicating spirits and their media. And, be it understood, that the development of communicating spirits, in all ages, depends much upon the prevailing religion and philosophy of the age in which their earth-life was passed; for, as the spiritual reader is already aware, spirits, going from earth, take with them all the moral, philosophical and religious sentiments which they imbibe here, and that these are retained, in the spirit world, for a longer or shorter period, according to the degree of positiveness with which they cling to them, before their transition; the prejudice or liberal sentiment, with which they met all propositions to reconsider and revise old systems of faith and practice; and their readiness or reluctance to listen to the teaching of missionary spirits, on their arrival at the shores of immortality. Spirits going from countries where false systems of theology are never questioned, may be expected to cling, for longer ages, to the errors which they carry with them, than those do who go thither from localities where mind is free to act, and daring to question, though they, themselves, may never have questioned. To know that a faith has been questioned by many well constituted minds, renders even the prejudiced one more accessible to the approach of reason and truth. These circumstances may account for the ungodlike characteristics with which communicating spirits clothed the Infinite Father, in their communications to the Jewish nation, through the media of that age.

We are aware that we shall render ourself obnoxious to that odious epithet, "Infidel," which is ever ready in the mouths of ignorance and bigotry, by denominating the theology of the Old Testament *Idolatry*; but when the unprejudiced reader looks at its prominent characteristics, he can make nothing else of it. It presents, as an object of adoration, a being without adorable qualities. The God which it asks rational minds to love and worship, has more of demoniac than deific characteristics, and manifests more of the human than the divine, in his nature. He is represented as a God of vengeance, and not as a God of love—a tyrannical monarch, and not a kind Father—a cruel despot, and not a sympathising and protecting Parent. He is represented as having first bound his creatures fast in fate, and then sentenced from to eternal perdition for being what he made them, and doing what he com-

pelled them to do. In these characteristics, he is infinitely more devil than God, if we adopt the Bible idea of a devil. And, as we have said, the Jewish theology represents its God as having more of the human than the divine, in his nature; because it gives him, not only all the depravities, but most of the weaknesses of frail humanity. It makes him morose, peevish, irascible, angry every day, fickle-minded, liable to be overreached, deceived, foiled in his purposes and cheated. But, among his weaknesses, there is one redeeming quality which it gives him, which is deference to the decisions of superior minds; as in the case when Moses taught him what was due to the character of a God, when he had determined to destroy the children of Israel, for making a golden calf. He became convinced that this was an ungodlike indiscretion, and he, more wisely, allowed Moses to have his way.

Now, the worship of such a God, is the worst species of idolatry; for it is a God created by Judaistic theology, for its own use, and an infinitely more harmful God than the "household Gods" of the heathens, which were made to order by their craftsmen, at a stipulated price per head. Hence the idolatry of Judaism, or of the Old Testament theology, is incomparably worse than that of pagan nations.

Coming down to the age when Jesus, the greatest of the Jewish prophets and the most wonderful of the spirit media that history gives any account of, we find an effort made to establish a rational theism—a religion founded upon wisdom, love, justice and truth. And we find this good and pure medium uttering truths of moral philosophy, which he had never heard uttered, and which he had never read, because he had no familiarity with books, "having never learned." The moral teachings of Confucius, Pithagorus, and others of the schools of philosophy which existed many centuries anterior to his age, were re-uttered through his organism, in language as nearly like the original as any translator could have made it. And no conclusion, we think, can be more rational, than that the spirits of those ancient philosophers were with him, controlling him, and using him as their medium, to repeat the ever-living truths of their beautiful philosophy, to the then existing generation of men. Nor do we doubt that other equally elevated spirits, passed those truths through them, when their physical organisms gave utterance to them.

His life was a life of most exemplary purity and goodness; and through him and those connected with him in his ministry, the angels made an effort to redeem humanity from its condition of moral and spiritual debasement. But they were not omnipotent nor omniscient; and the power of priestcraft, aided by that of political tyranny, acting upon the ignorance and superstition of the general mind, succeeded in repelling the angelic influx, and the divine effort proved a failure. Not only did the dominating spirit of Judaized paganism prevail against the returning spirits of earth, in their friendly attempt at human redemption, but Jesus—the meek, the pure, the self-sacrificing, the angelic Jesus, was seized, accused of blasphemy and treason, convicted by false witnesses and corrupt judges, and crucified. Thus perished the mortal form of the purest man and the greatest medium that the world had ever known, in the zenith of his manhood and in the infancy of his usefulness; thus, for the time being, the disembodied spirits of earth, were defeated in their holy purpose; and thus was idolatrous Judaism, with its pharisaical priestcraft, triumphant, and soul-enslaving ignorance, superstition and error still held their grasp upon humanity.

The immediate followers of the gentle Nazarine survived their

sainted leader but for a short time. The spirit of persecution, encouraged by its success in destroying their leader, followed them like an evil genius, and, one after another, they were overtaken and victimized, till they all met in heaven; no one of them, as far as is known, having been allowed to pass from earth by the process of natural decadence. But Judaism, though triumphant for the time, was doomed to be victimized in its turn. The religious revolution which had its happy commencement under the preaching of Jesus and his followers, did not die with them, as was expected, but took another shape, which was little or no better than Judaism itself, and grew and spread, under the assumed character of christianity—under the sanctity of a name which it desecrated—and Judaism, the destroyer of Jesus and the successful enemy of the eternal truths which he attempted to establish, was ultimately routed, vanquished, and but a remnant of it escaped annihilation.

This victory over Judaism, was effected by pseudo-christianity, with the aid of that paganism, on the partial ruins of which Judaism, in its palmy days, built its temple. Thus bogus christianity, made up of barbarian idolatry, Gentile paganism and Judaism, all conglomerated, became dominant throughout the countries now denominated Christendom, and has held sway over the earth, and tyrannized over human mind, through all the centuries that have intervened between then and now. And at this day, and in this free country, where mind is less trammelled and stultified than in any other country in christendom, idolatry is rank and rife, and presents more numerous phases than ever it did in those countries where the Sun, Buddha, Vishnu or deified humanity was worshipped.

All along down the lapse of intervening ages, has metamorphosed and idol-worshipping christianity, brought with it the despotic, vengeful, man-created God of Judaism; and still, even here, in this land of intellectual and spiritual light, it holds him up as an object of compulsory devotion, to be feared, loved and worshipped, by intelligent creatures, on pain of eternal misery. And against this compulsory worship of an unfatherly and ungodlike divinity, Reason remonstrates; Common Sense remonstrates; Intellectual Progress remonstrates; ever-living Truth remonstrates; the Angelic Hosts of Heaven remonstrate.

The next of the three triumviri, which claims our notice, is INTemperance; but we have bestowed so much attention and devoted so much space to the first named triumvir, that we shall fail to do the justice which we had intended, to the other two. Nor need we do more than to show that they are both the legitimate offspring of the first. Intemperance, with all its baleful influences and effects, owes its origin and continuous support to one of the phases of Christian idolatry, which is all-grasping Avarice. The devotion of human hearts to the god Mammon, originated the traffic in, and manufacture of, intoxicating beverages, and we see, interspersed through all the ramifications of commerce, the devotees of the idol, handing out, to frail and besotted humanity, the deleterious drug which destroys the intellect, maddens the brain and demonizes the spirit of those who exchange the fruits of their labor for it, leaving those dependent on them comfortless, destitute and miserable.

The last-named of the three triumviri, is HUMAN SLAVERY. And before saying the little which we shall have room to say on this department of our subject, let us beg of our Southern friends and their Northern champions, not to fly into a passion and throw the paper down; for we admit, in the out-set, that mere physical slavery, as it exists in the Southern section of this republic, bad as it

is, presents not a tithe of the miseries inflicted upon humanity, by what we mean by the term, "human slavery," in its comprehensive sense. We know that the ownership and enslavement of man by his brother man, is a monstrous moral wrong; but we know that the little less grievous enslavement of the white race, in the so-called free States, by the cunning of avarice, is a still greater moral wrong, because it embraces, in its crushing influence, a vastly greater number of victims. But both of these classes of slaves put together, present an aggregate of human degradation vastly inferior to the fetters which Christian idolatry rivets upon the human mind, in all sections of this country—to say nothing of the whole population of Christendom. In the language of the immortal JEFFERSON, we declare that we "have sworn upon the altar of God, eternal hostility to every species of tyranny over the mind of man;" and no consideration whatever, shall prevent us from sending out our sentiments to the world, whilst we retain the physical ability and the intellectual capacity to wield a pen.

When we speak in terms of reprobation of mere physical slavery, as we shall do when we find occasion to do so, let the Southern slaveholder and his Northern friend understand, it is the existence of the moral evil that we deprecate. We do not lay the blame of its existence, exclusively, to those persons whose property is invested in slaves. We know that the planters of the South had slavery forced upon them by mother Britain, when she lorded it over these her then colonies; and we also know that New England enterprize did not allow Old England to monopolize the profits of man-stealing; for her sons went into the abominable traffic with a will and an energy which well-nigh left mother Britain in the back ground. And in all this, the people of the South never fitted out a slaver from one of their ports. The North, then, is the only section of this country which is morally answerable for the existence of that great evil; and we have no malediction to bestow upon the South for it. Another thing, entirely, is the conduct of slavery propagandists, both South and North. Of these we have a right to speak, and will speak, in terms of reprobation.

In conclusion, we beg our friends to bear in mind, that this paper, in its initiatory number, made a full declaration of principles, and that, as a part of that declaration, it avowed the determination of its controlling mind, to make no compromise with moral or religious wrong, but to fight manfully against error, in all its phases, in the entire field of moral reform. With party politics we have nothing to do; but with the morale of general politics, we have much to do, and cannot now begin to shrink from duty. We intend that the advocacy and propagation of the spiritual philosophy, or religion, shall be the leading characteristic of the paper; but we must repudiate the proposition that it is to be confined to a single idea, when the field of moral reform is so broad and the laborers are so few.

A Discovery which we had not made.

A correspondent who writes us from Rochester, but who does not choose to let us know who he is; giving us only two characters which may have been intended for initials, but which it would be no infraction of the Decalogue to worship, as they are the likeness of nothing, has discovered (or says he has) by articles from our pen, that we believe in the existence of evil spirits, and that they possess more power than good spirits. And after thus setting us up, as bowlers set up their pins, he knocks us down with a homily, as they do their pins, with balls. And he really seems to feel sorry for us, that we should be so weak as to

entertain such false philosophy; and he kindly offers to furnish us his philosophy on the subject, on some future occasion; which, if he do, nothing short of his full and *readable* signature, will insure its admittance into our columns.

Now, friend, we will be candid and explicit with you, and declare that you never did see a line or a word of ours, that should have made such an impression as you say you have received, upon any mind capable of appreciating what it reads. We do not now, nor ever did, believe in the existence of evil spirits, in the infernal sense; nor do we ever use the phrase in our editorial language. We frequently speak of undeveloped spirits; and it is pretty well settled, we think, that there are more than plenty of those, both in this country and in that on the opposite shore of Jordan.

Our friend may have seen, in our paper, reference made to physical manifestations, and an expression of our opinion that undeveloped human spirits have more affinity for the coarse material of earth, and, consequently, more physical power to move it, than elevated spirits have. And from this, he gathers the astonishing idea, that we believe in the existence of a personal devil, and that he, the said personal devil, has more power than God Almighty. Now, should we declare to our friend that we believe a beaver to be more capable of gnawing a tree down, with his teeth, than any man is, he would, by the same rule of reasoning, pity us for believing that the beaver is a more powerful, more elevated and better being than man. If we tell him a horse has so much more physical power than a man, that it would take ten men to draw as large a load as one horse, he will be grieved to think that we are so ignorant as to estimate horses so much higher than men. In this sense of the term, there is a great deal more power in an axe-handle than there is in the bone of a man's arm; and the axe and handle together, when properly wielded, will cut down a thousand trees before a man could cut one down with his finger nails or his teeth. Will our friend be grieved for our philosophy, when we tell him this, and argue that, if it be true, man must be inferior to axes, and will soon fall under their dominion? This would be quite as rational as his denunciation of our philosophy in relation to undeveloped spirits.

The difficulty with our friend is, that the language is too poor for him. He requires a language which furnishes a word for every signification. He can not consent that one word shall have a plurality of definitions. If it were not for this difficulty, he could understand that power of *muscle* and power of *mind*, are distinct ideas. He could comprehend the difference between the power of the beaver, who gnaws a tree down, and the power of the man, whose mind, perceiving the necessity, generates the idea of an axe, to cut it down with. He could see that the powers of a horse, and the power of the man who puts him in harness and causes him to exert his greater physical power, in a prescribed direction, are two powers that have no relation to each other. And he could get the idea through him, that the highly elevated spirit, who uses undeveloped spirits to produce physical manifestations, on account of their greater affinity to coarse mundane matter, and their consequent greater physical power, could no more do those things, himself, than the man could gnaw the tree down, like the beaver, or cut it down without the use of the axe.

We admit that these are not parallel cases, all through; because the undeveloped spirit will become a developed spirit, and use those below him for the same purposes for which he is used

now, by those above him, whilst the beaver can never be more than a beaver, nor the axe more than an axe. Otherwise they are appropriate similes.

Having said more than we intended to say, in relation to the communication of our correspondent, it would be hardly fair to suppress it, as is our custom when names are withheld. We therefore insert it below, omitting the initials for want of type to represent them:

ROCHESTER, July 12.

Mr. Editor:—Will you allow me a few words upon the subject of evil spirits? I have several times seen articles from your pen, and others, communicated, which, from their nature, showed you to be a believer in such existences. But until the last issue of your paper, I did not suppose you gave to the evil more power than to the good. In that paper, if I mistake not, a spirit of some note is represented as saying, that evil spirits can produce more powerful manifestations than the good and elevated ones. Such a doctrine seems to me very far from sound in philosophy, and very decidedly immoral in its tendency. The old doctrine that a personal devil was permitted by God to roam the world over, inciting poor, weak humanity, to deeds of wickedness, seemed to me awful in the extreme. But we were always told by the advocates of that belief, that this monster was subservient to God, and that no further than he permitted, could he go; but this new faith makes the devils legion, and gives to them even more power than the spirits of light possess. I call not such a faith progression, but a retrograde.

It seems to me that we should be careful how we credit as inspiration or truth, anything so false as this seems to be to the true philosophy of progression. I have long been a Spiritualist. I love to contemplate its beautiful teachings; but if it shall teach me that which my reason can not accept, or at which my sense of justice shudders, I must yield it; I could not accept it; but I have no fear; this doctrine of evil spirits is so easily disposed of, and to my mind so reasonably, that with your permission, I will, some time, not far in the future, give you my version of the matter—only further saying now—that it is a little singular that the immediate friends of every medium I have ever known, were elevated spirits; and that they have always been obliged to go out of their own family to find the wicked ones; plainly proving to me that when we shall have fulfilled the great law of love, in our own hearts, we shall find very much less evil in others.

Yours for truth,

READER, LISTEN.

We would call your attention to the card of a "Female Physician," Miss JULIA A. POWERS, which you will find in this paper. We do so for several reasons. The first is, that we rejoice at every evidence that meets our vision, that woman has determined to enfranchise herself from the slavery of a morbid public sentiment, which, for so many ages, has made her the mere parasitical appendage of man. We delight in seeing woman asserting her natural right to avail herself of the powers which God has given her, to make herself useful to herself and to her kind, and to sustain herself by her own independent exertions. It gives us especial pleasure to see females employed in the duties of a profession, to the discharge of which they are so admirably adapted by the peculiar sympathies of their natures. Long have we seen the necessity for females to qualify themselves to become medical practitioners, especially in cases of female sickness, obstetrics, &c.

From personal knowledge, we can recommend Miss POWERS, as a well read, well experienced, safe and successful practitioner; and we shall wonder if she do not find employment in ministering to the peculiar necessities of her own sex.

Lecture by the spirit of Miss A. F., late of this City.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

'Tis midnight, and while earth is wrapt in the mantle of night; soothed to a quiet repose, while nature wheels on in its destined course, I again leave my sunny home in the skies, with a casket of gems and flowers, gathered from the ocean and garden of truth, to adorn the brows of those who yet are following happiness, on and on, till the soul shall be satisfied in all its fondest yearnings for harmony and joy. Slender tributes are those which nature pays for the love of the human heart, whose tender strings of life yield quietly to the stubborn demands of outside circumstances; and there is no soul but death, or change, improves; for there is beauty all round the pathway of the soul; and from each flower comes a perfume which passes into the soul and blends with being, till even that seems a part of its immortality.—There may be hours to the loving heart of earth, whose strings of melody are fettered by care, where sympathy seems as drear and voiceless as oblivion's stream, that flows through the dim silence of the unspoken past, into the fathomless abyss of the future, and plunging down, down, into the uncertain gulfs of hope, until the far off echoes of love come fainter and fainter, like the dying roll of the thunder in the distance, whose agitated waves give back a round from earth, called sympathy, dismal and hollow as the sullen roar of the volcano's depths, and blessed sunbeams from on high, fall in freshening power and gentle breezes; and their Eden messages bring to man, amid the dreadful gloom of an unsatisfied sympathy.

Shadows sweep over the heart, and the foot-prints of time leave their tracery in the subterranean depths of being, as hope rises in gladful waves, then sinks to a dying hush, and the soul of earth oft seems a chaos. And yet immortal hope swells the arches of the soul; and sublime, in lone and shadowy magnificence, doth the heaving and stormy breast, become peaceful by that hope, and in the air of life, reflects the rainbow miniature of love, rendering back to the sorrowing heart heaven's perfect image; and like earth's unnumbered flowers, as they all turn their gentle eyes to heaven, or like the stars floating on high, like islands of Deity, so does the human heart, however wild and fearful its grief, send to heaven tributes of gratefulness, embosomed in the radimental casket of loving sympathy.

The gates of far off paradise are ever open, and no soul that earth sends to heaven, deformed by iniquity or perfect in goodness, is passed coldly by; and though hopeless it may look on blackest vacancy, yet heaven is all fragrance and beauty; and as nature seems to dress her wilderness in charms, so doth eternity weave its flowerets round the brow of the soul of crime, and bid it rise from its senseless trance, and receive the love of God, and lean on the sustaining arm of loving sympathy.

Love hath passed o'er the lines where memory's lingering beauty dwells, and there is marked by mild, angelic sweetness, whose softest touch thrills with immortality. The heart is not, in all its feelings, unattentive to the voice of love; and if all would live in the glad harmonies of heaven, let the boon of unblighted affection rest in its mild beams, upon the heart, and you have won the human soul to your own bosom, in the fond and deep devotion of sympathy. But if you try to force the heart to love, by fear, you are constantly wafting each wave of kindly feeling from you, and the conscious soul has mistaken itself, and taken a fatal step from the spiral pathway of sympathy. Fear steals on the sweet repose of innocent love, and, with its deep-drawn dagger, drinks the crimson current that courses itself thro' the heart, and wounds the kindest bosom; and, like the wind that sweeps over Arabian sands, withers every bright flower of feeling and sympathy. But smile in response to the yearnings of the heart, and though bedewed by the tribute of many tears, yet 'twill dance in the moonlight of its summer sky, and echo back the finer emotions of the human soul.

The heart, in every moment of its life, seeks sympathy. The mental soul asks for sympathy. The spiritual being yearns for its sympathy,

and the physical man yearns for its responses of native sympathy; and if each be not satisfied in some slight degree, the heart becomes like a noble ship, cast on the broad ocean, in midnight darkness, seeking for light to find the distant shore; rocking and rolling at the will of the waves. And as well might the heart strive to comprehend the mighty God, who fills creation with His vastness, who doth embrace all, even eternity, as to strive to compel the heart, by exciting the faculty of fear, to love; for if native ties, natural sympathy, eternal love, bind not the soul to soul, it can not by any mundane compulsion, love any object, if true sympathy born of God, be not the living chain of inseparable affection.

Philosophy may measure out the depths of the ocean—may count the stars; yet love is the life-giving and life-sustaining power of even all these. Its chains the unmeasured universes bind together, inspired by the breath of sympathy; and as sparks from the fiery blaze mount upward, so must the heart send forth its attraction, and in all its bright corruscations, ever seek its counterpart, in sympathy, intellect and *charity*. And as a million torches, lit by the sympathy of planetary love, wander through the unwearied blue, where pyramids of crystal light, formed by the ether of atmospherical love, are as an atom in Infinity, so has that same love, pervading all these, reached the bosom of man; and as he stands between heaven and earth, close to the realms where angels dwell, on the boundaries of the spirit-land, he feels the blest boon of eternal love to him given; and when his lips fail to return the sympathies of his heart, the *soul* speaks in tears of gratitude.

In the human heart is the last gradation of refined matter, below, lost—in the human soul is the chain of finite being complete; and the next step is immortal spirit—Deity. The world may find the body, but it knows not what range—unmeasured range, the soul may take, unconscious of all chains; for the spirit is free; for liberty from heaven breaks upon its vision, and, by an immortal flash, fires all the faculties of the mind, with glorious joy. A voice is heard that the slave of pride can not hear. It breaks in sweetest harmony on the soul, buoys it up in hours of dark despondency; and God joins in the universal praise, replete with love and immortal freedom. Tear off the band that holds the soul to the bosom of earth, and its own features will reflect the image of divinity. And well may we say there is an inequality in earth; for the hut of the starving stands in the shadow of the palace of the wealthy; and every day the costly equipage throws the dust of its glittering wheels over the tattered robe of some poor, forgotten Lazarus, as the Jesus of love has rolled away the stone of false pride, and Lazarus has indeed risen from the dead; yet the proud scorn him. The truly noble soul—the lightnings may dart around its home, yet undaunted and unwavering is its sight. The blast may sweep its shores; still high upward it wheels, till its form is lost in the deep blue sky. And while the tempest glides away with its fearful train, and the splendor of the sunshine is glowing on the earth, as the sky wears the smile of Deity on its brow, the soul draws nearer and nearer its home, till, like the eagle, it seeks its eyry—immortality—and its finite journey is o'er. And still it drinks the sunshine, and scales the clouds of sympathy, till its talons of peace are bathed in the waters of love, whose sparkling drops fall soothingly on its eden above, refreshing its flowers as they bloom, to bless its own chosen home.

All happiness depends upon the refined qualifications of the heart; for, from out the self-same fount, one heart may drink waters sweet; another partake of draughts of bitterness—one see angels smile in the stars; another behold chaos. One may hear discord, while another beholds beauty and harmony, and realizes that happiness is of God, and within the grasp of man, to soothe his honest sufferings, or to pillow a wounded heart on its breast, and bathe its pinions in the dew of eternal sympathy.

Sympathy, like rays, will outglow from its center, and blended glories overweath its beauty, while, like a vast sun-circle, it will float in the broad universe of love, which, like an orrery, filled with star-

systems of immensity, will brighten the heart as the sun lightens the universe, and chases away every shadow. And as wave upon wave outroll floral seas of blooming constellations, and as there is one Source, pre-existent and alone, from which was sent a ray of splendor, concentrating in the human heart, so did He give it the love of Himself; and as every flower in its destiny is governed by some pure atmosphere, so must the active and profound sympathies of every human heart, be governed by their aspirations; and if it fails to find, in some slight measure, a response to its pinings and yearnings 'twill make its brightest avenues a tomb, where the warmest impulses of affection lie buried in the sepulchre of the soul, for want of a Jesus to roll away the stone from the door, and bid the affections rise and bloom again. As violets bloom on the natural sod, and their perfume exhale to Deity, so must the love of the heart, in its wildest throbbings, or mildest beatings, exhale to its atmosphere of congeniality; and ever is heaven vibrant with the noblest emotions of love; and if earth fails to respond to thy call, oh! human sympathy, God through the ministry of angels shall smile, in his munificence, upon you.

As each atom of matter is in harmony with God and His laws, what *can not* man be, if he is the highest embodiment of refined and sublimated matter and spirit below? But no, he oft denies his God, while the insect will creep from its home and in its faint utterances the blasphemy deny. Mind up-tracing from the avenue of cause and effect, to God, the world-producing essence of all life and animation, beholds loving sympathy to be the great impetus of all being. It binds man to God and heaven to earth. It holds the planets in its golden hand, and speaks from nature's unblemished lips, the power and beauty it holds in connection with every living object animated by Deific love. And yet man finds fault with himself, his brother and his God, and still stands at the apex of creation, his bosom filled with moral excellence, tenderness and knowledge; but yet he is the only discordant string in the lyre of creation; sometimes tuneless and silent, and nearly always discordant in most of its sweetest notes; and yet that discordant and broken string is the diviner part of the mighty Lyre. Oh! who doth not feel the bosom thrill with every harmony of heaven, when calm meditation throws its roseate mantle over the heart, folding it to the bosom of rest, as its weary wings of thought are folded to its side, faint and exhausted in its flights for happiness. It soared to heaven in quest of sympathy; and yet it would not enter, though the gates of paradise were ajar, and again flew to earth to find its hope faint, its love unsatisfied, and its warmer sympathies and emotions unanswered; and yet happiness was buried in the heart, and it sought what it possessed itself, elsewhere; and as it glided back to render earth smiling by its own experiences, a golden cloud rose in the zenith of hope, and an angel whispered: Happiness is within thy own being, if the fount of sympathy flows on, and never recedes from the shore of distrust.

Every department of being possesses its sympathies profound; and as deep as those that thrill the bosom of God and send forth their melody to animate the soul of humanity, which, in spreading its wings finds them too weak to soar above outer strife, to find a home in the breast of harmony. Sympathetic harmony should ever characterize the existence of the human heart, in all its upward beatings for undisturbed and unalloyed happiness.

The mind, though subjected by its materiality, to the influences of life, can not be chained in the dungeon of darkness and despair long; for, by the faculties of its immortal part, it will soar, and, 'mid the scenes of life, breathe forth the cadence of its own happy moments, fraught as they are with the animation and beauty of hope, with the undying aspirings of a pure love, and filled with new and holy inspirations, borne down from the center vast of heaven, from whence life and soul first had birth. The human heart is the highest embryo God embosomed in the folds of humanity; and yet the bird, in grateful praise, sends forth its gratitude in its evening or morning warblings; and the flower, in its sweet exhalations, breathes its prayer to its Father, and all nature bespeaks harmony. There are no ruptures in

its joy, and no broken strings in its mighty Harp. No strains in its music tuneless and dead, in which mind may not behold some harmony. All these embodiments of life and existence, are constantly sent forth from the well-springs of being, gushing melodies of praise; and yet the human heart—the bright world of finite intelligence—the apex of mundane refinement, is discord and inharmony. It seems to be the only deformed and discordant creation of God, and yet it is the basis of immortal and eternal individuality, and the universe in which the heavens are reflected in all their munificence and brightness.

Eternal and mighty as time; powerful and beautiful as God, are harmony, sympathy and love; and where one lives, the trinity lives; and if one of the bright and noble qualifications of the soul desert the others, as well might the heart forget to love and forget to know that it hath capacities which are immortal and undying, as to exist without love and sympathy. They are the soul-essence of affection—the impetus of progression, and the high and holy attraction which ever draws the soul on, in hours of hope and peace, joy and love.—Then let each heart be joyous that sighs for sympathy and yearns for responses to its deep and holy love; for if earth fails to return its smile, heaven will smile upon it, in all the fulness and brightness of its immortality, while angels shall cull from the eden of hope, bright flowerets to twine around your brow, and ever smile upon you the smile of love. And sweet perfume shall exhale from the gardens of far-off paradise, to gladden and lighten the heart, in all its demands of sympathy, and an ocean of melody shall roll in richest undulations, through the airy halls of nature, where the bird carols its songs of gladness, and where the stars reflect the image of their God, in the miniature waters of the human heart, as wave succeeds wave, and flows on in sympathetic unity, to connect with the golden billows of eternity, where the angels ride on the white capped waves of eternal love.

In haste,

A. F.

Martin, the French Peasant-Prophet and Louis XVIII.

From the Spiritual Herald.

This history, we believe, is almost unknown in England. But it created a very great sensation in France at the time of the Restoration, soon after the fall of the first Napoleon. The allied armies had not left France when the events occurred. The whole matter was officially investigated by M. Decazes, the minister of police; by MM. Pinel and Royer Collard, physicians; by the Viscount de la Rochefoucauld, who records many of the facts in his Memoirs; and by the Duke de Montmorency. Nothing of the kind is better attested.

Thomas Ignace Martin was a farm-laborer, near Gallardon, not far from Chartres, about thirty-three years of age, and father of a family, when, in 1816, as he was engaged in spreading compost over a field, suddenly a young man, of small, slender form and long visage, very white, and clothed in a light colored surt-out, buttoned close, and reaching to his feet, laced shoes, and a high-crowned hat, appeared before him, and told him he must go and take a message to the king.

Martin replied that he was not qualified for such a high mission; but the youth told him that he must go. Martin, in return, said he thought the young man himself better fitted for such an office. But "No," was the answer, "it is you that must go." After that, the head of the youth descended toward the waist, and the feet rose toward the waist, and the entire figure thus disappeared. Martin's brother and the curate, to whom he mentioned the circumstance, treated it as an illusion; but the youth repeatedly came with the same communication, and Martin, in alarm, endeavored to escape in flight. But it was of no use. The vision followed him, and found him out. It accompanied him into church, took the holy water along with him, sat beside him, and came out with him, and, as he hurried home and intended to shut the door upon it, suddenly preceded him, and, face to face, commanded him to do as he was bidden. All this was told to the curate, and by him to the Bishop of Versailles, M. Charrier de la Roche.—The vision then appeared, and told him his mission was now well com-

menced. "But how," said Martin, "do you address yourself to me for a commission such as that?" "It is to humble pride," said the youth.

At last, Martin resolved to leave the neighborhood altogether, without communicating his intention to any one, but the youth met him in the barn, and said, "You have resolved to make your escape; but you would not have gone far, you must fulfil your commission." All these things being reported to the Bishop were by him communicated to M. Decazes, minister of police, who sent them to the prefect of the department, M. De Breteuil, who ordered Martin and the curate to Chartres. On the evening previous, the young man appeared and told him what would occur, and that he must narrate faithfully, and without fear, what had happened to him. The prefect having fully examined him, determined to send him to Paris. The minister of police attempted to intimidate him, and to treat him as insane; but Martin was firm and collected, and was always informed beforehand by his mysterious visitor of what would befall him, and told, that if they tried to prevent the interview by one means, it would take place by another. The youth had hitherto refused to tell his name; but now he declared himself to be the angel Raphael, and that he had power to smite France with all sorts of plagues, if it refused to listen. "You must appear," he repeated, "before the king, and in his presence you will be inspired with the message which you are commissioned to deliver to him."

After a long investigation, and much correspondence, a full report of which was drawn up by MM. Pinel and Royer Collard, physicians, who examined Martin, he was sent to the hospital at Charenton, to be treated as a lunatic. At this time, M. de la Rochefoucauld received a letter respecting Martin from the Duchess of Luynes, his grandmother, who resided near Gallardon. It stated the case in such a manner as to excite the curiosity of the viscount, and he determined to inquire into it, unknown to the minister. For this purpose he paid a visit to the hospital, without expressing a desire to see any particular patient, but, in general, the whole institution. Accompanied by the director, he visited numerous cells, and talked with such of the inmates as were accessible to any rays of intelligence. But he took little interest in them; he was looking for Martin, but never named him. At last he found a calm, serene, and intelligent-looking peasant, who, he at once concluded, was the man he was in search of. "What is your name?" "Thomas Ignace Martin, of Gallardon." "What is the matter with you?" "Me! Nothing, but the minister has shut me up here to prevent me from seeing the king." Then the whole story was told. Next day an ecclesiastic was sent by the Bishop of Rheims to examine Martin; and, on the evening of the same day, M. de la Rochefoucauld returned and examined him anew. Much correspondence took place after this; and the king, being informed of all by the viscount, had his curiosity awakened, and resolved to grant the interview, in spite of the minister of police, who always opposed it. During the negotiations, the angel often appeared to Martin, and talked to him, and on one occasion opened his surt-out, and showed his bosom so brilliant with light that Martin was obliged to put his hand before his eyes.—Then he raised his hat, and, pointing to his forehead, said, "A rebel angel has the mark of his condemnation here—you see I have not got it. Bear witness of what you have seen." He also shook hands with him.

The king received Martin very graciously, and asked him to sit down on the other side of the table. The interview lasted about an hour. The conversation began with a narration of the facts of the case. After this the king said that he understood that Martin had some secret to communicate to him. Up to this time Martin knew nothing of the secret; but no sooner had the king spoken the word than Martin's organs of speech were suddenly seized by an irresistible force, and he spoke volubly, without even the power of choosing his expressions. The secret was, that, in hunting in the forest of Saint Hubert, the king had formed the design of assassinating his brother, Louis XVI. He had a double-barrelled gun, and with one barrel he meant to shoot the king, and then fire the other in the air, pretending

to have been attacked, but was prevented from executing the design by being entangled amongst the branches of a tree, through which the king passed freely. On hearing this Louis wept bitterly, and confessed the truth, but extorted a promise from Martin that he would preserve his secret, which Martin did as long as the king lived. The king was then making preparation for his coronation, but Martin told him, that, if he dared to receive the oil of consecration, he would be struck dead during the ceremony. Accordingly, the king countermanded the preparations, and he never was crowned. He was ordered to look out for the proper heir, the orphan of the Temple, who, Martin said, was alive. He also promised to tell his brother, afterwards Charles X, of this, and is said by M. de la Rochefoucauld to have faithfully done so. But no search took place, and Charles X, who accepted the consecration and coronation, was dethroned, and died in exile, as Martin foretold. At the death of Louis XVIII, Charles X sent the Duke de Montmorency to Martin, to endeavor to make him change his testimony. But Martin was firm. The interview took place in the house and presence of the Cure de Bleury, near Gallardon.

In speaking of this well-authenticated history of Martin, the *Journal de France*, of January 20, 1817, says: "It follows from the report of MM. Pinel and Royer Collard, that the science of medicine did not supply these two learned doctors with the means of explaining a phenomenon such as that of Martin."

From the Public Circle.

Amongst the dangers which many timid, well-meaning persons fancy they perceive in the teachings of modern Spiritualism, is the encouragement which they imagine to be given to suicide. They point to the universal and emphatic denial, by those who assume to be the departed spirits of men, of the existence of a Hell, or a place of everlasting torment for the wicked; and to the destiny borne at the same time to the blessedness which the communicating intelligences profess to have found in the world beyond the grave. If this, they argue, be so; if there really is no Hell and all persons who enter the Spiritual world find the change such a happy one, why, it follows, that the sooner we shake off the incumbrance of the flesh, the better: we have only to die in order to go to Heaven.

This conclusion is a little too hastily formed. It is true that the existence of a "Hell" is denied: it is also true that messengers from departed Spirits to their friends on Earth, speak, for the most part, rejoicingly of the happy change they have undergone; and while bearing testimony to the immortality of the soul,—the preservation of its individuality,—and the unlying character of all its pure affections,—declarations are often added, to the effect that nothing could tempt the freed Spirit to enter again into an earthly organism. But it is nowhere said that the state of the soul in its new sphere bears no relation to, and is unaffected by its pre-existence on Earth. It is nowhere taught that the flesh is a useless incumbrance, which it is misery to keep, and happiness to shake off. On the contrary, the utmost pains are taken to show that the providence of God is not an inscrutable chaos, but a scheme of laws, under which *cause* and *effect* are everlastingly evolved and inseparably connected; that obedience to these laws is the true worship of God; that silent invocation which wins the blessing of our Heavenly Father; and that disobedience to those laws is an equally sure way to win unhappiness; though men should strive ever so much by genuflections and long prayers to avert the consequences of their folly or ignorance.

The following communication, however, deals with the subject of Suicide, with a directness and force which admit of no misunderstanding:—

The Suicide!

"Men should be careful not to entertain the idea that the departure from the form, uncalled for, betters their condition. The consequences of such an act are felt by the actor:—To suddenly appear into a state, feeling that his presence was not called for,—and that he is occupying

a position which he is totally unqualified to fill;—to feel that all around know that he is not where he ought to be;—to feel himself an outcast, and an unwelcome guest in his Father's Mansion;—to look back on past periods, and know that his work is unfinished, and that he must return and mix with minds that are far inferior to his, when an inhabitant of the form,—and thus step by step learn and grow out of his condition! Then he who contemplates self-separation from the form should read this with a careful and serious mind; and know that the Father and His Heaven-born children, welcome not the suicide."— [Here a few thoughts rapidly crossed the mind of the writer, who was taking down the message, relative to the habitual neglect or violation of the laws of health, so generally observable; conduct which may be called suicidal. What follows touches the subject thus glanced at.]—"The gradual self-decay of the body differs somewhat from the case of him who instantly deprives the Spirit of the power of enlarging in its earthly tenement; because, while a more gradual process of severing the Spirit from the body is in operation, the mind, at intervals, finds room to grow; and thus, though the body fall before its time, the Spirit is a little better prepared to inhabit its ethereal home. Yet it is most important that the body should be so nursed and kept in harmony, that when the dissolution takes place, it may be with as much ease as the ripened fruit falls from the tree, having no longer use for its support."

"This, from

ELIJAH COMBE."

The Quadroon Girl.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The slaver in the broad lagoon
Lay moored with idle sail;
He waited for the rising moon,
And for the evening gale.

The planter, under his roof of thatch,
Smoked thoughtfully and slow;
The slaver's thumb was on the latch,
He seemed in haste to go.

He said "My ship at anchor rides
In yonder broad lagoon;
I only wait the evening tides
And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised,
In timid attitude,
Like one half curious, half amazed,
A Quadroon maiden stood.

And on her lips there played a smile
As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights in some cathedral aisle
The features of a saint.

"The soil is barren, the farm is old,"
The thoughtful planter said:
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
With such accursed gains;
For he knew whose passions gave her life,
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak:
He took the glittering gold!
Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,
He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour,
In a far and distant land!

AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO . . . EDITOR.

THOMAS GALES FORSTER,

Corresponding Editor and Agent.

OFFICE OVER STEPHENSON'S JEWELRY STORE, 200 MAIN ST. SECOND STORY.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance. Single copies, five cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—For one square of ten lines, one insertion, \$1 For each additional insertion, 25 cents. For one year, \$10.

THE AGE OF PROGRESS IS

Printed every Saturday, by Murray & Baker, No. 200 Main St., Buffalo

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Buffalo Harmonial Conference.

Brother FORSTER was absent, attending a funeral, at Elba, in this State, on Sunday last; but we had Bro. PARDEE as a supply. In the afternoon, Mr. BALLOU, through his medium—Miss SCOTT—opened the service by a beautiful invocation, followed by a brief address, which proved to be introductory to the discourse which immediately followed, through Mr. PARDEE, on the nature and utility of inspiration. The discourse was eloquent, interesting and instructive.

In the evening, Mr. P., only, was used. The subject of the lecture was the compatibility and natural consociation of modern Spiritualism with original Christianity, as established, or attempted to be established, by Jesus and his immediate followers. Mr. P.'s organism was used for something over an hour, and, as far as powerful reasoning was concerned, to most excellent effect. There is a defect—or what many people esteem as such, in the manner of the oratory, as it comes through Mr. P. It consists in the extremes of cadence and emphasis, which loses the language of the first, to the ear of the distant listener, and almost stuns those who are near the medium, with the language of the latter. If the spirits who control Mr. P. could remedy this defect, there are few speaking media superior to him; for the language which is passed through him, is nearly faultless, the logic never limps, and the philosophy is profound.

A NOTABLE TEST MEDIUM COMING.

We have received notice, from G. A. REDMAN, of Boston, Mass., that he will be here about the last of August. Mr. REDMAN is a rapping, tipping and writing medium, and is said to be inferior to no test medium in the country. We shall announce his arrival, when he comes.

Bad success of a Charlatan.

"Professor SPENCER," who made a professional attempt upon the pockets of dupable Buffalonians, some six months since, made his second advent to this city, the forepart of last week. He engaged the American Hall for five days, and came out with his usual flourish, that he would expose the falacy of Spiritualism, by the science of Biology. The first evening came, and so did the charlatan; but so did not the quarter-dollars, in sufficient force to pay half the rent of the Hall. He returned the money to the dozen or two present, and adjourned over to the next night. This being a still worse failure, he gave up the hall and took leave of Buffalo, to practise his swindling game where there are more gullible ones.

LECTURES FOR NEXT SUNDAY.

Brother Forster and Miss Scott will be with us. Whether any one else or not, we can not say.

Reply to Mr. Rhodes Lecture.

BY PROFESSOR HARE.

Mr. A. E. Newton, Editor of the *New England Spiritualist*:

Dear Sir—I regret to differ from you in opinion respecting the address of Mr. Rhodes, which you have allowed the honor of occupying several columns of your periodical for the 4th of this month. Mr. Rhodes thus declares his defamatory opinion of writers on Spiritualism, or "Spiritism," as he prefers to name it, himself only forming a peculiar example of respectability and instructiveness.

2. Of all the works that have been written and published on the philosophy of Spiritualism, there is scarcely a single one which merits the slightest respect, and though, perhaps, the assertion may partake largely of arrogance, I hesitate not to declare, that not one among them all, presents the subject in an intelligible form.

3. But for the unmerited honor which you have accorded, as above mentioned, I should have hoped that respecting this address, impressions being created in every reader like those created in myself, this publication would have been beneath notice.

4. But sanctioned by its insertion in the *N. E. Spiritualist*, and some commendations from its worthy editor, I deem it expedient to correct impressions which may be in consequence created, and which I deem to be erroneous.

5. I had submitted to the public a series of facts, made under my own zealous and laborous observation during two years, and many other facts as ascertained by other observers. I had also submitted many inferences from those facts, and likewise communications from the Spirit-world, obtained by a process which prevented the result from being influenced by any mortal. Independently of the pretensions thus founded, I should not have felt warranted to occupy the attention of the public.

6. But Mr. Rhodes does not advert to any facts supplied by his observation or that of others; he makes no appeal to the phenomena, communications and inferences made by Spirits, or by co-laborers in various parts of the world, but at once seats himself on the judicial bench, only to emblazon his own superior ability and knowledge, while decrying that of every other writer on Spiritualism.

7. Mr. Rhodes assumes that if he does not find a work intelligible, it is the fault of the author, not of himself. Sir Isaac Newton might be condemned for this defect by any ignoramus who should be unable to understand his Principia. But has religion ever been presented in an intelligible form even to men of the highest intellectual endowment?

"Canst thou by searching find out God?" Has gravitation ever been made intelligible? Is it not perfectly unintelligible how anything ever came to exist? Is nothing in science to be believed because the wise men, who discover the laws of nature, are unable to explain them

theoretically to themselves, or to Mr. Rhodes? Who ever understood the development of a chicken by the process of incubation, or of an oak from an acorn by the vegetative process?

8. If we are not to doubt the revolution of this planet about the sun, by the power of the Creator, because of the unintelligibility of the process, wherefore doubt the account of the Spirit-world, given by the Spirits, because the mode and means of its existence can not be made intelligible to man?

9. I have shown in my work that philosophers can not agree as to the nature of elementary atoms of matter. If until Mr. Rhodes causes men of sense and science to admit *his explanation* of the mysteries of matter and mind, we are not to believe in any evidence of immortality, hopeless materialism would be our inevitable doom. If the following paragraph of the address has any distinction, it seems to me to be that of exemplifying unintelligibility, to an extent which would be difficult for any wise man to contrive.

10. I set out, says Mr. Rhodes, with the proposition that philosophers, from Aristotle down to Hamilton, have misunderstood the operations of the human mind, blundered about its origination, and propagated erroneous notions as to its constitution, powers and nature. And though a certain school now exists that correctly traces its origin, yet none have ever comprehended its real character. It may at first appear foreign to the subject of this lecture, to enter upon the inquiry as to what is the mind? But Spiritualism itself is based upon mental phenomena, and no one can comprehend spiritual philosophy without first understanding the nature and organization of the mind. Nor does it follow that the inquiry will be fruitless, unintelligible, or interminable, on the old theory that the mind can not comprehend itself. For, as I shall presently show, beyond question, this acknowledged proposition does not enter at all into the controversy—the true inquiry being, “*Can the Spirit comprehend mind?*” not, can mind comprehend mind, or spirit, spirit. You observe, therefore, at the very outset, that I draw an impassable line between mind and spirit; indeed they are just as distinct as soul and body. In this fusion of two irreconcilable things—this identification of two different substances—this commingling of distinct phenomena, may be traced most of the difficulties of mental philosophy, from the times of the Stagyrte to those of John Locke and Emanuel Kant. First, what then, is the human mind? I reply that it results from the organization of the body. It is a substance—formless and ethereal as the air we breathe—or the electric current that issues from the poles of the galvanic battery. Its volume corresponds to the discharges of a Leyden jar, in exact proportion to the size of the generating machine. It is, so to speak, a continuous stream generated by the human brain, susceptible of spiritual impressions, and these are made upon it by the spirit of each individual, according to its receptive power. The mind does not possess life; all vitally subsists in spirit. It is, in other words, the window through which the Spirit looks out upon the material world, and the machinery by which it moves, regulates and governs it.

Electricity is, by profound electricians, considered as a state or affection of matter, not as a fluid; but, admitting it be a fluid, can anything be more absurd than to identify it with mind, as in the following language of Mr. R.:

11. I have already endeavored to show that mind is a material substance, in the nature of the electric fluid.

In my work I have advanced that mind must have been in the field at least as early as any other entity, since the adaptation of the fundamental properties of the elementary atoms of matter to rational ends, proves that reason must have presided, at the creation of them. But Mr. Rhodes, assuming that my teachings are not worthy of the *slightest respect*, at once claims by an *ipse dixit*, all the premises which his inferences require.

12. I have suggested in an essay, republished in the appendix of my work, that electricity is due neither to one nor two peculiar fluids, but to a transient state or affection of matter. Admitting, however,

that Mr. Rhodes rightly treats of it as a fluid, can anything be more unreasonable than to represent mind as a fluid, and as generated by a galvanic apparatus, as in the following paragraph:

“Now you will at once perceive that it is prerequisite to this theory, that the human brain must be demonstrated to be a machine in the nature of a galvanic battery; that its convolutions, in all its watery and marrowy substances, its thin partitions, and regular sub-divisions, indeed its entire shape and texture, must be shown to be but the furniture of an electrical or rather mental apparatus, designed to generate a fluid somewhat akin to galvanism, and corresponding most wonderfully with the zinc and copper plates, the separate compartments, the wires and acids of a galvanic battery.”

13. How can electricity reason? Must not reason and of course mind, have existence before a galvanic apparatus could be devised?—But as there is a similitude between the mind of God and that of man, however comparatively minute the latter, would it not follow that a galvanic battery generated the divine mind?

14. As by the author's premises, mind owes its existence to the mortal brain, how can it go with all its intellectual powers to the Spirit-world, while the galvanic battery, which is alleged indispensable to its existence, is left in the grave? If the mind require a galvanic battery in this world, how can it exist without one in the next?

15. Yet according to the author, spirit of itself has an intellectual power independently of mind. “*The true inquiry*” is alleged by him to be “*whether spirit can comprehend mind?*” When we speak of a spirit we mean to include both mind and body, as in Genesis, the words, “the Spirit of God,” are inclusive of the *Divine* mind. If we speak of human spirit as exercising any intellectual faculty, we of course attribute it to the *human mind*. Hence there can be no difference in the ideas conveyed by the two expressions. When a Spirit is said to comprehend mind, tis of course *the mind of the Spirit* to which allusion is made; since the body of the Spirit can not possess the mental power of comprehension. The author, to use his own words, draws “an impassable line between mind and spirit,” and yet represents spirit as exercising a faculty which identifies with mind!

16. Agreeably to a fable of Æsop, the members disputed the supremacy of the belly; but Mr. Rhodes, ambitious of a new basis for self-laudation, and “challenge to the world,” would have the spirit-body an intellectual rival of the mind! The members (in the fable) found that the belly was not less necessary to their nutriment, than they were to its operations; and according to Rhodes, the brain in the mundane body contains a galvanic battery without which the mind can not exist any more than the belly without the members. But when the mind goes to the Spirit-world it leaves its galvanic apparatus to perish, and of course would perish, if the spirit-brain should not perform a part analogous to that of the mortal brain. But if, in consequence of the author's premises, a Spirit-brain galvanic battery be indispensable, how can the Spirit be placed in a state of intellectual rivalry with the mind of which it must be considered as the sole generating source? Says this author:

17. You will observe, at the very outset, that I draw an impassable line between mind and spirit, indeed they are just as distinct as soul and body.

Of course, the body of a Spirit can have no intellectual power. It must in fact be, as is usually understood or defined, the inhabitation of the soul (with its mind of course) after it quits the mortal body. It is no more than a refined species of matter. Yet according to the author of the above allegation, “The true inquiry is, can Spirit comprehend mind, not can mind comprehend mind and Spirit, Spirit.” Thus we have two intellectual entities independent of each other, yet equally endowed with the faculty of reciprocal scrutiny. Usually when a Spirit is spoken of, the idea includes mind, just as much as when a mortal man is contemplated.

18. Since an analogous relation is held to exist between the mind of a Spirit, and his spiritual body, as there has been supposed to prevail

between the mind of a mortal, and its corporeal tenement, would it not be as rational to represent this coarse corporeal organization as scrutinizing the mind which it contains, as that the refined organization which holds the Spirit mind, should exercise similar intellectual faculties?

According to Mr. R.

19. "Spiritism itself is based upon mental phenomena, and no one can comprehend spiritual philosophy without first understanding the nature and organization of the mind."

20. Is it not irrational to allege, as in the preceeding lines, that Spiritualism or "Spiritism" is based upon mental phenomena? If it be true that there are Spirits who communicate with mortals, as the author believes, in common with Spiritualists, do we found our knowledge of this truth on study of the mind, or on the examination of facts? Is our belief in the existence of a Spirit-world based upon mental disquisition? Are not persons convinced that they communicate with their Spirit-friends without becoming adepts in psychology?

21. Those who consider the manifestations as psychological phenomena, not requiring the aid of invisible beings, may allege Spirit manifestations to be built on mental phenomena; but for the most part, those who attribute the manifestations to Spirits, pay no attention to psychology or its deductions.

22. In the address under consideration, I have been struck with the following language employed in speaking of unbelievers in Spiritualism:

23. "Thousands, again, who have no minds of their own to make up, have taken their cue from the sneer of some revered gentleman who imagines, because he stands in a pulpit, that he is immaculate, and infallible, and though perhaps a mere tyro in learning, or a baby in logic, ventures to blaze away at what he has not the capacity to understand."

24. Will not this language react upon the author? How false, unjust and absurd is it to represent that thousands of unbelievers have no mind of their own to make up! Even were this true, is it consistent with good breeding and good sense, to call thousands of people fools, who adopt a different opinion from those which he himself entertains? Admitting that the originator of the idea does not owe it to his own mental obliquity, would any one who has ordinary discretion use such language to an audience, probably for the most part unbelievers in the Spirit manifestations intended by him to be upheld?

25. The idea that any clergyman assumes himself to be infallible, because he stands in a pulpit, is manifestly as absurd as it is irreverent. This species of inconsiderate denunciation, which is better realized by his own vulgar phrase "*blaze away*" than any language which I recollect to have heard from the pulpit, might answer "*stumping*" to a mob, but does not become the holy cause of religious truth. How shallow to represent that the disbelief in "Spiritism" of thousands comes from a destitution of mind, or a "*cue*" created by the "*sneer*" of a clerical preacher, and this from one who has yet to establish his claim to the capacity to handle the subject in which he displays this enormous self-sufficiency. I have read and heard of much abuse taking place between persons of different creeds but never before heard it asserted on either side, that the idiocy of the other was the cause of this difference in opinion.

26. Manifestly education is in point of fact, the cause of religious difference in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred. There is no doubt that many of the most amiable and in all other matters sensible people, have a heart-felt devotion to the religion, however questionable, in which they have been brought up; and which they have been taught to consider it impious to doubt. They have learned their religion as a part of their morality, the one having grown up with the other; so that to them, whatever undermines the former seems to jeopard the latter.

27. Moreover, as each sect has been educated to believe in the supernatural or spiritual agency on which their tenets are founded, they have been equally educated to disbelieve any other such agency; and those

who have become skeptics as to Scriptural revelation and the miraculous agency therewith associated, have become habituated to disbelieve such revelation and agency, in all cases whatsoever. This incredulity, instead of arising from the want of mind, as Mr. Rhodes avers, may be found to exist in persons of superior education and intellect. It is the weak and ignorant who are the most credulous, not the strong minded.

28. It seems to me that the offensive terms, "*baby in logic*," "*profound quack*," "*plentiful lack of learning*," may, with much more propriety be applied to the author than to the unbelievers against whom he "*blazes away*," forgetting that "people who live in glass houses should not throw stones," that when he designates an ancient opinion as a "*blunder*" he may prove himself to be blunderer.

Discordant Elements.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Alas! they mingle with our earthly nature, the discordant elements that make of life a weary and thorny way; that beset our path with obstacles, hem our upsoaring endeavors, and clog the pin ons of enthusiasm and aspiration with the weight of worldly calculation. Fear invades the religious soul, that has been taught to tremble in the presence of the dread divinity; it is no spontaneous feeling, no outgrowth of deep inward conviction that causes man to tremble before the Spirit Father; it is a world-taught belief, the influence of a discordant element mingling with the soul's awe and reverence of that mighty and benign power dwelling in every form of life, manifest in the lowest as in the highest of His creations, ever bountiful and radiant with indwelling love.

The storm's sublimity is taken for the emblem of Thy devastating wrath, the thunder's reverberation for Thy Spirit's uttered angers, the scathing lightening for Thy torch of vengeance. Millions have invoked Thy grace with sacrifice of life, with offerings of blood, and endeavored to propitiate Thy bounty by self inflicted unnatural penance. And now, when the darkness of ages is fast rolling by, and spurnal sunshine irradiates the awakening earth, still oh loving universal Father! the discordant elements remain, and superstition clouds Thy mercy-aspect, and earthly bigotry invokes a God of wrath and vengeance!

In the places where Thy name is worshipped with formal pomp, and unvaried routine, where the display of material wealth is manifest in Thy honor, brood the discordant features of a narrow minded exclusiveness, the gloom of a settled bigotry, the fear of investigating the dawning truths, that *might* lead upward from the dread and uncertainty, to the blessedness of conviction, the realization of the soul's self formed holiest hopes! When mortal ignorance assumes that it has attained to the summit of truth, to the utmost heights of spiritual knowledge, that Thy power is limited, Thy revelations reserved for a chosen body only, that Thou art a partial and exclusive God, then well may the true friend of humanity, the truly religious towards progression striving spirit, weep over the wilful blindness, enveloping those arrogant and doubt enshrouded souls, and reason deny their claims.

When we behold the religions of the earth, armed for continued warfare, creed with creed conflicting, dogma against dogma resisting, the divinely given injunctions of mutual good-will and charity utterly disregarded, reflection acknowledges the discordant elements existing, ensconced beneath religious drapery, the uncertain dread, the *earthly* power striving for preeminence, the worldly ambition over which religion casts a flimsy veil.

Discordant Elements invade the heart's inmost sanctuary, when love and hope dwell blissfully therein, bringing the intrusive images of doubt, the undefined form of fear, the shadowy substance of apprehension to dwell beside the angel visitants, and cast the gloom of earth upon the radiance of heaven. In the paradise of home, amid the family reunion, those discordant elements intrude. Jealousy usurps the place of confidence, and conscious innocence, unacknowledged by spirit affinity, is

marked with the opprobrium of guilt. Filial affection is changed to indifference and disrespect, and venerable age walks unhonored amid scoffing youthful folly. And thou, Oh paradise of life! Season of the heart's blossoming into future immortal glory, what are thy promises, when the false glare of worldly ambition, the false allurings of sense, seem thy only beacon lights to joy? In place of rapt and inspired images, the music voices of the spheres, coming in gladness to unperverted youthful hearts and heaven dedicated spirits, vain empty pleasures alone allure, dissipation charms, and mind and heart lie dormant beneath perverted influences, false attractions, sorrow-hoarding pleasures, teeming with future regret, and punishment sufficiently endless.]

Are not then discordant elements at work, in society, that wears a glittering deceptive mask, amid its elaborate conventionalities, hiding gross vices and sins against our angel nature, in the homes that fail of attracting with the beauty of order, the delights of harmonious arrangement, the spiritual love light uniting earth's affections with the spirit's highest endeavors? Is there not something wrong in the perversion of truth we daily witness, in the preference given to polished falsehood, in the thousand daily insincerities, in the pantomimes of prayer and worship, in which there is no heart? In the dubious reasonings advanced to support tottering claims to belief, in the blind superstition clinging to its creed idolatry? In the mammon altars erected in so many human hearts, its sacrifices, our best affections, our holiest impulses, our divinest rights of thought and feeling. Are not discordant elements at work in all these perverted directions of mind and heart, and is not selfishness the all over ruling demon, leagued with superstition and a darkened belief that binds mankind in slavish bonds, eachaining down to earth only, his heaven aspiring spirit, placing shackles upon the seeking thought, blinding the searching vision?

Oh, arouse from the sleep of centuries, from the soul's deep lethargy, oh, reasoner, of the glorious present! Mighty efforts have blessed the world with freedom's wide spread gifts, and enthusiasm enlisted in a sacred cause has performed many an angel mission, emancipated from superstitious slavery, and brought the sorrowing soul into purer regions of even earthly insight. Fear no longer, but love, trust, and confide, with all a child's trustfulness and undoubting love, in Him who is thy Father, of whom thy immortal spirit is a part, and in whose spirit realms there is for thee a mansion. And within thine own soul is power, placed there by divine will and influence, power to subdue the promptings of thy lower nature, power to arise on angel pinions far above the enthrallments of sense, the blandishments of sense, the blandishments of earth, into a purer atmosphere of celestial affections and undying harmonies. By the cultivation of this indwelling, heaven allied power, thou canst become one of "the pure in heart," and truly hold converse with the ministering spirits of the purely blest, and behold the divinity in all surrounding objects, beautified to thy purer visions, heightened in glory by interior advancement and the voice of inspiration. *The God within thy soul*, whispers unceasingly of a yet higher and purer love, of a yet deeper and holier calm, of a knowledge far more exalted, yet of a blessedness beyond thy mortal comprehension, of a glorious destiny awaiting thee, where no discordant elements intrude.—*Christ. Spiritualist.*

A Pleasing Incident.

"—— A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged."

Some three or four months since a poor, emaciated, care-worn man called at the residence of one of our citizens to solicit the job of carrying in a load of wood which he observed lying before the door.—The lady of the house, who ever has a kind word and a helping hand for the poor and needy, having a curiosity (most women are more or less curious) to learn the cause of his misfortunes, questioned him concerning it. Seating himself, (for he was scarcely able to stand,) and while tears filled his eyes, he told his story. He had emigrated to this country from the city of New York, where he left a wife and

three children in good circumstances, to seek a home for them in the far-off West. On arriving at Marysville, he was stricken down with sickness, and being a stranger, he applied and was admitted into the hospital, where he lay some time—till his money was exhausted and his health somewhat improved, when he was discharged. After wandering about the streets for two or three days, vainly seeking for work enough to procure food sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger, he had espied the wood before the door, and, as a last resort, had applied for the job of carrying it in, which he was willing to do for a crust of bread. A torrent of tears gushed from the poor invalid's eyes at the close of his story, as if his heart would break. A few kind words soon rallied his drooping spirits, and a smoking hot breakfast in an incredibly short time afterward lent strength and vigor to his languishing body. The work was completed and paid for, and a few day's provisions given him, when he trudged off mountainward with a lighter heart, heaping all the thanks on his fair preserver that a grateful heart could suggest.

Now comes the sunny side of this "o'er true tale." A few days ago a well dressed, hearty looking gentleman called on the lady above alluded to, with a smile on his face and his honest hand extended; but not remembering ever to have seen her visitor before, he was compelled to revert to the incident above described in order to bring his identity to her mind. He took up the thread of his story where he left off three months previous, and finished it in substance as follows: His wife had learned of his misfortunes, and, like a true woman, immediately sold her property in New York, and took passage with her three children for California, where they arrived in safety with a snug little sum of money. They found the husband and father prospering; soon a ranch was bought and paid for, a few miles from Marysville, and now he had dropped in to leave her a load of wood, a basket of eggs and a roll of fresh butter—all of which was produced on his own ranch, and hauled to town with his own horses and wagon—saying "he never would get done paying her." Thus, in the short space of three months, has a penniless wanderer been converted into a prosperous and valuable citizen. The above story is but poorly told; but it is done more for the purpose of showing that among the many unworthy applicants for charity there is occasionally found one that serves to verify the saying of the good book—"cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it shall return to thee."—*Marysville (Cal.) Express.*

ABOUT LUCK.—Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent lecture, says:—"I may here, as well as anywhere, impart the secret of what is called good luck. There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in poverty, to a wretched old age, the misfortune of their lives. Luck forever ran against them and for others.

One with a good profession lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employees to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at every thing but his business. Another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed the bottle. Another, who was honest and constant at his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments; he lacked discretion.—Hundreds lose their luck by endorsing and by sanguine speculations, by trusting fraudulent men and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early rising, hard working man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of a groggery late in the afternoon, with his hands stuck in his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave or a tippler."

The Beauty of Death.

BY FREDRICK W. COLE.

How beautifully bright in the softened light
Of the dying autumn day,
As the golden west by the sun is drest
In the robes of regal sway!
All the birds are gone, and the woods are still,
And there floats no sound on the woodland hill,
And the murmuring streamlets play.

How richly fraught with the themes of thought
Is the dying autumn grove;
Now the woof of its pall is the brightest of all
That the varying year has wove.
E'en the jocund glance of the dewy Spring,
As she brushed the earth with her fragrant wing,
Brought no such smile as these death hues bring
To the pride of the quiet cove.

In the thoughtful grace of her dying face
Is the glory of Nature seen,
And the autumn leaf in its glory brief
Has more than its boasted green:
'Tis the highest leaf of earth's cold clime,
And the soul must soar with a flight sublime,
Afair from the mists and tears of time,
To know what its beckonings mean.

'Tis a time of hope when the buds first ope
To the south wind's quickening kiss,
And the teeming plain with its waving grain
Has a burden of healthy bliss;
But a higher and holier hope may rise
From the fading leaf as it smiles and dies—
More dear than life to the purely wise,
Is the scene of death like this.

In life's first start thus the youthful heart
Is the home of the singing bird,
And with wild delight does it feel the might
Of its plumeless passion stirred.
The summer gives wing to the chainless dove,
But the frost of affliction must chasten its love,
To find its fruition in climes above,
Where the song of the seraph is heard.

When the ransomed soul from the base control
Of its earthly bonds shall break,
If thou shedd'st a tear o'er the burdened bier,
Let it be for the living's sake.
Oh! Death is more beautiful still than all
Of the beautiful things that must finally fall,
As it summons the soul from its sensual thrall,
In its angel strength to awake.

The Dead Alive.

I saw three prisoners standing at the bar who had given a circumstantial confession of a murder, and pointed out the very spot where the bones of the murdered man would be found. These were produced in court; and part of the clothes, and the cast thread of the murdered, were identified by his friends and relations. Yet the doctor, my intelligent friend, Dr. Kirk—who accompanied Sir. W. Harris to Abyssinia—on examining the bones ascertained that they belonged to three or four different corpses; and as this incident gave a sort of hitch to the proceedings, and prolonged the trial, the result was, that before it was over the murdered man himself walked into court, and, it is said, was seen to examine his own bones with infinite curiosity. The story which he told, and which accounted for his remarkable disappearance from the village on the night of the supposed murder, was not the least remarkable of the tale, and is a good illustration of the manners of the East. He had been somewhere near the house of the prisoners; and

he stated as he was going homeward he met four or five Arab soldiers, who pressed him into their train to carry a bundle, and who made him accompany them for a six week's march into the interior, somewhere beyond Poona. When they dismissed him he was taken ill of fever, and laid some months sick at a village in the Deccan. When, at last, after four month's absence, he got back to his own village, he found that three of his neighbors stood a near chance of being hung for murdering him; so, like an honest fellow, he made his way to the criminal court, which, luckily for the prisoners, was not above ten miles off. It would seem most probably that the confession in question had been extorted by the violence of the subordinate native police.—*Sir Erskine Perry's Bird's-eye View of India.*

A SINGULAR AFFAIR.—We have a bit of news from Holland, which, coming at this time, excites a good deal of attention. A man at the Hague, becoming tired of his wife, attempted poisoning her in the following manner:—They had sat down to dinner, and while she left the room or her back was turned, he put the poison into her soup.—Not daring to trust himself in her presence, he feigned some excuse and left the room. By a wonderful Providence, when she came to the table, a spider had dropped from the ceiling of the room into the soup-plate. She was especially afraid of spiders, and her husband had often laughed at her for it. So she carefully took the spider out with the spoon, and finding she could not bring herself to eat after it, she, in the absence of her husband, changed the plates and ate his soup.—After a while he came back and devoured what he supposed to be the pure soup. He was immediately taken with convulsions and expired. Before death he confessed that he had poisoned the soup, and that it must have been put before him, unintentionally, by his wife. Now how narrow was the escape of his wife, not only from being poisoned, but from being hung. If the man had died without confession, the woman must have been immediately arrested. Poison would have been found in the man and in the soup plate. She gave him the soup. Here would have been circumstantial evidence strong enough to have hung her, and an innocent woman would have expired but for the confession.

A LESSON FROM THE BIRDS.

A gentleman observed, in a thicket of bushes near his dwelling, a collection of brown thrushes, who for several days attracted his attention by their loud cries and strange movements. At length curiosity was so much excited that he determined to see if he could ascertain the cause of the excitement among them.

On examining the bushes, he found a female thrush, whose wing was caught on a limb in such a way that she could not escape. Near by was her nest, containing several half-grown birds. On retiring a little distance, a company of thrushes appeared with worms and other insects in their mouths, which they gave first to the mother and then to her young; she in the meanwhile cheering them in their labor of love with a song of gratitude.

After watching the interesting scene until curiosity was satisfied, the gentleman released the poor bird, when she flew to her nest with a grateful song to her deliverer, and her charitable neighbors dispersed to their usual abodes, singing as they went a song of joy.—*National Intelligencer.*

THE SOUL.

What makes the soul so valuable? Its immortality. When endless years have run on, the soul will still exist—amazing thought! Will it never tire? Will the ethereal pulsation of sublimated existence never grow heavy? Will the wheel never be broken at the cistern?—Never! The soul will endure as long as the throne of God! As heaven's wall shall gather no moss from age, neither will the soul become decrepit; and in all the multitudes of heaven not one shall be seen leaning upon his staff for very age! What! like the angels, never grow old! to be always the same through dateless centuries as when first created! But cannot she annihilate herself? Oh no! the soul's literal suicide cannot be performed! No Judas Iscariot can find a sulphurous tree, or jutting wall, which, in Gehenna's cavern or burning fields, may afford him suspension between life and death. The soul must live on.—*Rev. Dr. Andrews.*

Reasons why Spiritualism is Opposed.

LESSON IX.

'Tis night, dark, dreary night—
The world's on fire—madness reigns.
The skies drop love tears on woes
Made brutal by force of arms.

I see organized and drilled battalions moving, marching onward to carnage and death. I see physical strength employed to subdue physical strength. I see war, plunder, ruin, wretchedness, follow the sword. I see great armies concentrated in long lines, and obedient to human authority, seek to exterminate each other. I see Pagan, Mahomedan, Jew, and Christian mingle in the contest. And all this for what? For the want of love and wisdom. Alas! the end is not yet, neither is the beginning of peace on earth realized.

Spirits descend with joy and gladness, and impart the joyful news of immortality. They descend with healing, and bless the receivers of their wisdom. But light, love, truth, holiness, breathed forth upon the nations, are thrown back by the convulsive struggle of contending passions. We breathe upon you the breath of life, that you may live and rejoice, that you may know and understand the mysteries of the spirit-world; but contention, and folly, and vanity, and earth, and sensualism, and pride, close their ranks to repel the invasion of peace.

What though all heaven combined, unitedly overspread the earth with the radiance of a depthless effulgence, the blind see it not, the insensible feel it not, the indifferent appreciate it not, and the consequence is, they are not benefitted by it. Still our struggle is onward, our efforts unremitting, our duties undiminished, our love unfailing, and our confidence unimpaired; for, as true as earth is to her orbit, so true is the progressive development of man.

Time enables spirits to accomplish many things, and overcome many obstacles, which may have appeared to man insurmountable. Indefatigable industry, in the pursuit of wisdom and the search of truth, qualify minds for enjoyment, and elevate them in virtue. Measure the sands upon the seashore, multiply the atoms of earth by the atoms belonging to the solar system, and compute the product to represent as many millions of years, and you have time in part; the residue is eternity.—Stationary mind cannot remain. Movement is necessary—unavoidable. Whichever way that movement may be, up or down, right or left, wise or unwise, correct or incorrect, something must be learned. If directed downward where vice and sensualism reside, it still learns and must learn a lesson more bitter than the plagues of death; more sorrowful, incongenial, uncomfortable, disastrous, and unwelcome, than can be properly communicated. Still it learns; it feels; it experiences, and experience is knowledge. Therefore, it gains, even in the dissipation and perverseness of its powers, what it had not before known. And yet what is all this gain, knowledge, experience, worth to the possessor? Let those answer who are able to instruct, and their answer will show that madness reigns. Tell spirits that they make men insane! Verily, the truth reveals almost universal insanity now. Who hath caused this? Whence cometh this desolation of heart, this barrenness of mind of all true joy? Hath it come down from heaven, or hath it not rather come of earth. Arise from the murky darkness of sensuous affection, of perverted passion, and misguided reason. If, indeed, man be judged as sane, in the exercise of his licentious affections, brutal passions, and ungoverned thirst for gratifications forbidden by the law of universal harmony, then our judgment is at fault, our perception indistinct, and our experience a delusion.

The great moral lessons of the invisible world have only as yet been partially presented. The great law of moral right and wrong has as yet been but imperfectly enforced, and explained. When that shall be done, the armies of ignorance may utter their bitter invectives in vain; for that, like a sea of fire, shall dissolve the powers of wickedness, and unite the hearts of men with the hearts of heaven.

Another direction, upward, and what do you see? Light beaming from the skies. What do you hear? Truth uttered, which sensualism

scorns to practice; morality presented, which passion disregards; harmony recommended, which ignorance disdains; purity of thought and life encouraged by sanctions which infinitely outweigh all human considerations, all human policies or expedients, all human threats and scorn, such as reach unto the infinite duration of the existence of man. Think of it as man may, value it as he will, the philosophy of experience will demonstrate its truth. The language of truth is the gospel which we bring. Hear it; compare it with the continuous realities of experience, and let this be the test of the declarations we have made.

He who expects more favorable conditions, in the invisible sphere, for improvement in wisdom and perfectibility, will learn his mistake when he enters upon the experience of a new life. Of all delusions fatal to human progress, none is more deceitful than the notion of enjoying advantages for the attainment of wisdom in the spirit-world, which may not be enjoyed while in the form. Such notion leads to procrastination, and years are wasted in pursuit of follies, affording no substantial enjoyment.

Pilgrims; whither are your faces turned, upward or downward?—Seek ye the light, the love, the harmony, the wisdom of spirit-counsel, and spirit-experience, and let the truth uttered to-night be immortal in your souls. Like the fragrance of paradise, let its sweet incense from the altar of your hearts, expand and invite the world of mind up to the beautiful garden of God; so shall you assist us even in attracting upward the debased and wretched from the meshes of sensual appetite and passion; and thus restore reason to its throne, and happiness to the heart, causing joy in heaven and on earth, that one sinner is converted from the error of his ways, so that he will no longer seek and not find, knock and not be admitted; but will be received into the society of the pure, the joyful, and the blessed.

My Dead.

Give back the soul of youth once more!

The years are fleeting fast away,

And this brown hair will soon be gray,
These cheeks be pale and furrowed o'er.

Ah, no! the child is long since dead,

Whose light feet spurred the laggard years,

Who breathed in future atmospheres,
Ere Youth's eternal Present fled.

Dead lies the boy, whose timid eye

Shunned every face that spake not love;

Whose simple vision looked above,
And saw a glory in the sky.

And now the youth, has sighed his last;

I see him cold upon his bier,

But in those eyes there is no tear:
He joins his brethren of the Past.

'Twas time he died: the gates of Art

Had shut him from the temples's shrine;

And now I climb her mount divine,
But with the sinews, not the heart.

How many more, O life! shall I

In future offer up to thee?

And shall they perish utterly,
Upon whose graves I clomb so high?

Say, shall I not at last attain

Some light, from whence the Past is clear,

In whose immortal atmosphere
I shall behold my dead again?

—[BAYARD TAYLOR.]

Mr. G. C. Eaton, the Healing Medium.

All persons who require the services of this gentleman, will please leave their addresses with the editor of this paper, at 200 Main street, where he will call every day.

*From the Sacred Circle.***A word from Mrs. Hemans.**

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. SWEET.

Gentle Friends: The sunlight of love makes the heart glad, and the lifelight of wisdom makes the soul strong. The arch of promise is bending over humanity's brow, radiant with life-giving light and holiest wisdom. Man shall no longer be weak and puny as a little child, but his thoughts shall go soaring upward fleet as lightning; sure and safely shall they reach the fountain from which flows truth purely and sweetly distilled, which shall be as nectar to the fainting soul. What hallowed ground is man now treading upon! The angel world is bursting upon his vision gloriously beautiful, in its simple but majestic grandeur, which poets and sages have long wished and prayed for. Beautifully mysterious are the leaves which are slowly unfolding before your astonished gaze, and they shall reveal those things to your soul which find no equal save in the dim land of dreamy imagination. Who shall repress the glad tidings? Who may stem the mighty torrent? for in its resistless might it shall uproot the strong foundations which error has erected; and they shall float away on the billowy tide to be known no more forever. And truth, so simple, shall be unfolded that little children may become teachers and wise ones in Israel.

Oh gentle friends, I beseech of you make the fleshly tabernacle of your hearts pure and holy! There are countless numbers of intelligences watching every pulsing thought and motion of your mind, and you may either become the ministers to elevate and connect with the angel world, your brother man, or else become dark deceiving ministers, to lead downward all who are misled by dark, designing, and unwise spirits. Be firm, be earnest, and you shall bring to your side those holy men and women, who have become pure through suffering, and whose strength shall add to yours, and surround you with that which will render you unapproachable to any but true and holy influences.

My spirit is not sad but very hopeful, and as I look upon humanity's undulating surface, here and there I see the heavens and the earth kissing each other in a close embrace. I see the bright ones linking their hands with mortality, and I know that the chains are becoming so firmly riveted, and the links so strong that they cannot again be snapped: for the spirit world has gained a foothold on the understanding, and on the heart of mankind which will not be swept away from henceforth nor forever.

But man is now having solemn lessons in his eternal destiny. This is no guess-work, no child's play, no freak of the imagination, but it is something which he may know, and daily feel, firm as the foundation of his own soul's trust. And let him take heed that he carry with him visibly, and invisibly, those companions which it is his duty and his privilege to travel with. Oh! let his soul daily mount upward, and in the embrace of angel arms, let him pluck fresh radiant flowers from the gardens of beauty, and let him come back to earth refreshed, odorous and genial with the fragrance and the light in which his soul has revelled. The cold and unsatisfying forms of things held sacred, must give place to the warm and living streams of things tangible and real. The heart must become as that of the angels, transparent and natural, the lip but breathing what the spirit gives birth to. And when the labors of angels have been crowned with success, and we see here and there all over humanity, ethereal forms of light and beauty, mixing in, and dotting the dark, moving, living mass; when men know that those who had left, have returned, to baptize their friends with the light of wisdom guided by some superior knowledge, which is hovering over them to lead and direct them; we shall know that the old things are passing away; that earth is becoming a paradise, that suffering and sorrow no longer exist, because Love and Wisdom have conquered, and God hath called his children home, and all that he hath made he hath pronounced good.

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